

The Evening World

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OPEN THE WATERWAYS.

WIDE-AWAKE New Jerseyites got down to business yesterday in their effort to take the Delaware and Raritan Canal out of the pocket of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A hearing was held in Trenton for a bill which aims to restore this important link in a great waterway system to the uses of free commerce.

The Pennsylvania management has notoriously clung to the canal solely with the view of keeping tolls high enough to scare away traffic in order to benefit its railway lines. The State of New Jersey ought easily to convince itself that it will be well worth while to spend \$3,000,000 or twice that sum to take over the control of the canal and make it an open waterway.

At the same time the House Rivers and Harbors Committee at Washington proposes the purchase of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal from Chesapeake Bay to the Delaware River as part of a great inter-coastal waterway from Massachusetts to North Carolina.

We seem nearer to an intelligent understanding of how to make use of the admirable opportunity offered for an inside waterway down the Atlantic Coast—continued from the river and canal systems of New England and of this State by the Delaware and Raritan Canal, the Delaware River, the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal and Chesapeake Bay.

To allow the Pennsylvania Railroad to block off any section or branch of this system by regulations and tolls designed to discourage rather than develop its use, is worse than folly.

Let New Jersey for its own sake hasten to do its part by disentangling the Raritan Canal from its alliance with the Pennsylvania. From this whole, finely protected waterway system throughout its entire length from oppressive restrictions and tolls imposed by special interests of any sort. Open it and, with the co-operation of all controlling authority, keep it open to the public for the carrying of slow freight at cheap and uniform rates.

A PRECEDENT.

It is only natural that the Bayonne congregation who used by their pastor when he was charged with unbecoming conduct are now rejoicing over his acquittal. Still, whatever relief, they might have found inspiration in the precedent was set by a Scotch Presbyterian minister and his loyal parishioners, of whom it is recorded:

"This untoward leader, having fallen into a grievous sin, the whole of his party felt extremely scandalized and nothing less would serve them than to hold a solemn convention for seeking to know wherefore this brother had fallen under the power of Satan."

"That a speedy solution might be given them, each of them by turn vigorously wrestled with the problem until they had solved it—viz.: That this fall of their preacher was not for any fault of his own but for the sins of his parish laid upon him. Whereupon the convention gave judgment that the parish should be fined for public satisfaction, as was accordingly done."

WHAT WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

AFTER what taxpayers of this State have learned in the past few months concerning the condition of roads that represent millions of dollars of their good money, nobody is surprised to hear Osmond declaring that its \$15,000 section of post road, finished only last summer, is a "smear," and that under the frosts and snows of the winter it has already cracked like cheap enamel.

For does Commissioner Osborne tell us anything of which we are not already convinced when he says that all this highway graft and corruption was the result of a deep laid plot—"a gigantic conspiracy with a deliberately planned beginning," that the State has been made to pay three and four times over for road work half done and that "roads have been repaired, paid for and gone to pieces all in three months."

What New York would like to know now is this: Are there in the whole State five miles of A1 honest highway that will bear scratching?

If so, who built them, and how, in Heaven's name, did it happen?

"The Hall will never win under Murphy's management."
"I hope some good man will get in and drive all them grafters out."

—The Croker Letter.

Few times, ain't they, Mr. Croker?

Letters From the People

"Words You Use Incorrectly."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
You have certainly thrown some light on many words. Would you kindly change me by making clear the word "buckle" as we use it? It is sometimes used in asking a favor (as in my case) and again in the sense of compelling or forcing an issue, which seems to me two distinct meanings.
J. F. Montgomery, N. Y.
To "buckle" means to bind or to restrain; hence, in one of its meanings, "to buckle" means to restrain. It is derived from the Latin "bucula" (shepherd's crook) and "bucula" (to bind).
Selling Fifty Cents.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
P. R. Montague, asks: "How can the three cents, one having to equal another to equal and still another 10 cents, all of them at the same price and selling the same amount of money?"
Answer:—The three cents, one having to equal another to equal and still another 10 cents, all of them at the same price and selling the same amount of money.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
An Old New Yorker's Memories.
The Crystal Palace article of "Ten Dramatic Chapters in the Story of New York" brought vividly to my mind an incident in connection with my boy on the magnificent salary of \$135 a week at the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets on the second floor, and the time and my duties were light. The day of the opening of the Crystal Palace, Thursday, July 14, 1853, was just as President Pierce was passing the corner of Ann street and Broadway, bestirring a milk white charger (and I only saw him clearly to-night, though sixty years have passed) the sky suddenly darkened, thunder rolled and the rain fell in torrents. Hailstones as large as eggs also fell, and, boylike, I thought the end of the world had come. Scurrying back to the office which I had left and finding no one there, I hurried to the ferry and crossed to Williamsburg, where I then lived, and by the time got home the sun was shining again. Full accounts of the damage done by the hail were in the newspapers the following day. Numerous panes of glass were broken in the Crystal Palace and all over the city. But the hail was not the only thing that was so unusual as a winter.

A New Class

By Maurice Ketten



Straight From The Shoulder

Success Talks to Young Men.
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Concerning Power.
YOU know the old story of the little steamboat that had to stop every time the big whistle blew because the big whistle used up all the steam in the little boiler. But do you know the story of the young man who burned up valuable energy and physical motive power by running all the way to the office every morning and then had to loaf for an hour getting his breath and his "punch" back before he could attack his work?

They're both stories, of course, but they are also good object lessons. Whistling never propelled a boat. And wasted "steam" never turned the paddle wheels of the "get ahead" boat for any young man. Running to the office never added up an extra column of figures. And foolishly mispent power—whether physical or mental—never helped a young man solve the problems of his career.

For every young man has a limit to his powers of endurance. What strength he has, and what energy, should be conserved for the work to be done. Don't whistle your boilers empty when you're bucking the current. Don't waste your "punch" on empty air.

Your work demands your full power. There is a law of compensation which decrees that what you get out of your work is measured by what you put into it. Then why waste your power on frivolous things which return only trifling rewards? Save it for the things that count.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A Swedish law says a girl who cannot bake bread must not have a sweetheart. This is what might be called culinary eugenics.—*Memphis Appeal.*

"A New Jersey boy was killed \$500 more than his brothers and sisters because his father spanked him unjustly many years ago." Now he never will forget that spanking.

There is nothing to be gained by trying to discuss "safety first" with a barber.

You will have to say this much for the phonograph—it never sings through its nose.—*Toledo Blade.*

Sir Oliver Lodge, an English scientist, says that things will soon be arranged that rain may be obtained at any time desired by merely pressing a button. But he ought to know that it will be dangerous to monkey in this way with the celestial arrangements. If it is not out some jealous woman when there is a millinery parade on Easter Sunday will press a button and start Jupiter raining working double time on the job.—*New Orleans States.*

Six Miracles of Modern Science

By Henry Smith Williams, M. D.

(From "Miracles of Science," Copyright, 1914, by Harper & Brothers.)

1.—THE LIFE-STORY OF A STAR.

IT would appear that a star is a body which is born out of the cosmic mist of a nebula. The stages of stellar evolution are pretty clearly revealed by the spectroscopes. The young star, it would appear, although it is incessantly giving out heat, nevertheless contracts so rapidly that it becomes hotter and hotter. Presently it shines with a dazzling white light, as illustrated by the well known stars Sirius and Procyon, and a host of others. At this stage the spectrum reveals the presence of the light gases, hydrogen and helium.

Then the star cools somewhat and becomes yellowish in color, and the spectroscopes shows the vapors of calcium, iron and numerous other terrestrial elements. Our sun is a star in the yellow stage; and another example is the bright star Arcturus.

At a still later stage the star, becoming yet cooler, takes on a reddish glow, and its spectrum shows characteristic bands of carbon. Betelgeuse and Mira are familiar examples.

The stages of this evolution require unthinkable billions of years, but there seems to be no escape from the conclusion that each and every star is destined ultimately to be blotted out in darkness—reaching a condition, in other words, of which we have examples on a small scale in the present state of the moon and of the earth itself.

So far as present knowledge goes there is only one way in which a star that has thus become cold and dark can be rejuvenated, and that is by collision. There would seem to be no reason, however, why any given star might not undergo the process of collision, nebula formation, slow cooling and extinction, over and over. During each time of brilliancy it would lose some of its substance and its energy through radiation; but, on the other hand, new matter would come to it constantly and in the form of cosmic dust and renewed energy may be accumulated through momentum acquired in sailing through space—any toward the gravitation centre of the universe.

So the cycle process might conceivably go on forever; or at all events until some unthinkable remote epoch of the future when all the gravitational matter in the universe has been aggregated into a single mass. Meantime, it would seem as if the periods of darkness for each individual star must be indefinitely long in comparison with the periods of brightness. This would imply that dark stars must be more numerous in the universe than bright ones.

Are You Weary Of Your Work?

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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ONE of New York's prominent society women has gone into business to save being bored. She says: "I took up this work because I was tired of sitting in the house with nothing to do. I took it up to save myself from being bored. I am finding it my salvation. There are many girls in society who are interested in what they see and what they are doing. I do not think it is necessary for them to go to work. If they should, however, feel that their time was being spent in idleness they should then go to work."

So this society woman is working for a milliner who makes her hats. She unpacks, sorts and sells hats and wears them to display to customers. I suppose she is a who read about the society woman going to work says to herself: "I just wish I had her chance."

How any woman can WANT to take up business when she doesn't HAVE to do it is a hard thing for her to believe. How longingly she thinks of the ease and comfort and pleasures of this woman is SACRIFICING in order to fill time by actual work.

Yet, if the truth were known, there are hundreds such women. They are tired to death with the froth of idleness. It looks alluring, but it has no LASTING qualities. Too much play makes ill a dull girl under A.B.C. circumstances. And while there are many Jacks and Jills who have too much work and LITTLE play, yet the reverse would indeed be intolerable.

Some time or other folks in all stations of life come to a realization that there is nothing so satisfying as having some DEFINITE work to do. You have to look about and you will find the millionaire going in for farming and the society woman for business or social work or defending some charitable cause. In fact, to DO something is the aim to keep the spirit alive, the body strong, and the heart young.

For there is nothing, after all, quite so satisfying as the glow that comes at the END of a well spent day when you can look back and realize that YOU have accomplished so much and that YOU were responsible for it. It strengthens the backbone and causes real joy in any recreation or pleasure that may follow. Unless this is so, after a while idleness becomes a burden, as the society woman who wants work.

So that if things seem very sordid and you are tired to death of work, know that it is only for a little time, and as this woman says, work is the only way out.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

Friends vs. Lovers.

THERE is no reason why a girl should not be good friends with all the nice young men who show that they desire her friendship. But she should reserve all special proofs of affection for the man whom she loves and whom she promises to marry.

That is why it is inadvisable for a girl to permit herself to be kissed by the young man who has taken her to the theatre a few times, or who has called on her for several weeks in succession. Without committing a moral crime, she nevertheless cheapens and coarsens herself a little each time she permits familiarity from an acquaintance—familiarities that should be allowed only to a fiancé.

It is a truism that no one likes shop-worn articles as well as fresh goods. And this applies to girls as well as to groceries.

"V. E." writes: "I am in love with a girl of twenty-one, and I want an only nineteen. Is there too much difference in our ages for us to be happy together?"

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Sayings OF MRS. SOLOMON—BEING THE CONFESSIONS OF THE SEVEN HUNDREDTH WIFE TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND

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MY Daughter, peradventure thy Beloved shall come unto thee, saying: "Hearken not unto the words of the Seven Hundredth Wife of Solomon, for having six hundred and ninety-nine RIVALS hath made her a Foolishmist."

But I say unto thee nay, nay. I am NOT a Foolishmist, but a cheerful little Optimist, in whose breast HOPE springs eternal.

Yea, verily, verily, in my heart of hearts do I believe that the Millennium shall yet come and the day arrive when every woman shall wear her hair however she pleaseth, and her figure as the Lord hath made it, and none shall mock at her nor cry "Trump!" when she passeth.

When splinters shall be called "lucky," but bachelors shall be held in scorn and sung to the ravens and the joke writers.

When LOVE shall be found somewhere outside of the dictionary, and wedding vows shall be as sacred as "debts of honor."

When the font of joy shall be filled with something besides gasoline, and the well of happiness with something besides champagne.

When the playing of bridge whist shall be considered "bad form," and the playing of ragtime a capital offense.

When "Home" shall mean something more than a room and a bath in a fashionable hotel, and a "Family" shall consist of more than a wife and a buldog.

When only the sane, the good and the respectable shall be permitted to MARRY, but DIVORCES shall grow upon Christmas trees and be given away as trading stamps unto the just and the unjust alike, so that none shall desire them and no "lady" would be seen with one.

When damsels shall have discovered that mystery is more alluring than perfect frankness, and an UNSEEN ankle more fascinating than a slashed skirt.

When a man shall not marry a woman merely in order to get away from her evenings, and a woman shall not marry a man solely in order to tell him his faults.

When a husband shall be as polite as his wife's coachman, and a wife shall be as tender and considerate as her husband's manicure.

When a woman shall not shudder to be called "intelligent," and a man shall not blush to be called "good."

Yea, verily, my Daughter, do I believe that all these things shall come to pass, even as I believe in Santa Claus and fairy tales and eternal love and wishing on the new moon. Selah!

Some Historic Word Pictures

Examples of Descriptive Power by Great Authors.

NO. 1.—THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

By T. B. Macaulay.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The Judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law.

Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior barons present led the way—George Eliot, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries and the brothers and sons of the King.

Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the exultations of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened and prosperous empire grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom Tacitus thundered against the oppression of Africa. There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest avenger of the age.

There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had secretly pledged his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised and exchanged repartee under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a gentleman and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn but serene, on which was written as lightly as under the picture in the Council Chamber at Calcutta the sentence in Arabic—this was the aspect with which the great pro-consul presented himself to his judges.

The Necklace She Should Wear

THE necklace has become an important part of present day dress. Sometimes two and three are worn at a time, so it is but natural that variety should characterize the extensive displays now seen in the shops.

Beads are especially favored, and these are shown in every color. This season's fashionable necklace is from 37 to 20 inches in length, and the beads may be either uniform or graduated in size.

Combinations are favored, such as amber and jet, coral and jet, jade and amber, jet and pearl, etc. Chinese jade, which is a mottled green, is popular and so is the amber.

In the gallieth there are many striking effects. For instance, one necklace is composed of graduated egg shaped beads in white gallieth separated by small jet beads. Another is in almost shaped amber and small round jade beads with a heart pendant of Chinese jade.

Silk or bead tassels, in lieu of a pendant, are a new novelty. These necklaces are usually composed of various-colored beads with the tassels matching one of the colorings. A neat one in lapis lazuli was combined with tiny steel beads, and the tassels were made up of the latter.

These necklaces can easily be constructed at home, as the beads can be purchased cheaply, and it requires no effort to string them in pretty combinations. When stringing beads it is advisable to use the unbreakable thread that comes especially for this purpose. A violin and similar instrumental strings have been found satisfactory for stringing beads.

With the present strong vogue of jet in all forms, jet and bead necklaces are prominent. Then there are pretty jet lavalieres where the beads are connected by fine wire links, and the pendants are camels in fancy settings.

Large, round, brightly colored beads make up a necklace known as the Cuban design. In fact, you can make up almost any combination and feel assured your necklace is fashionable. Pendants in pear or heart shape can be purchased at prices ranging from 25 cents upward.

The new coralline effects in jewelry are very attractive. The bright little roses show up very prettily against the gold chain. A gold necklace with a coralline pattern has a coral pin in a delicate pattern has a coral pendant and hatpins are being played in coralline and the prices are moderate.

POPULAR DISCRIMINATION.
"I wonder if I ought to send a wife and daughters to... you said the conservative view... do you do you ask such a... rejoined the indignant man... 'So many people are going... was afraid it might not...'"